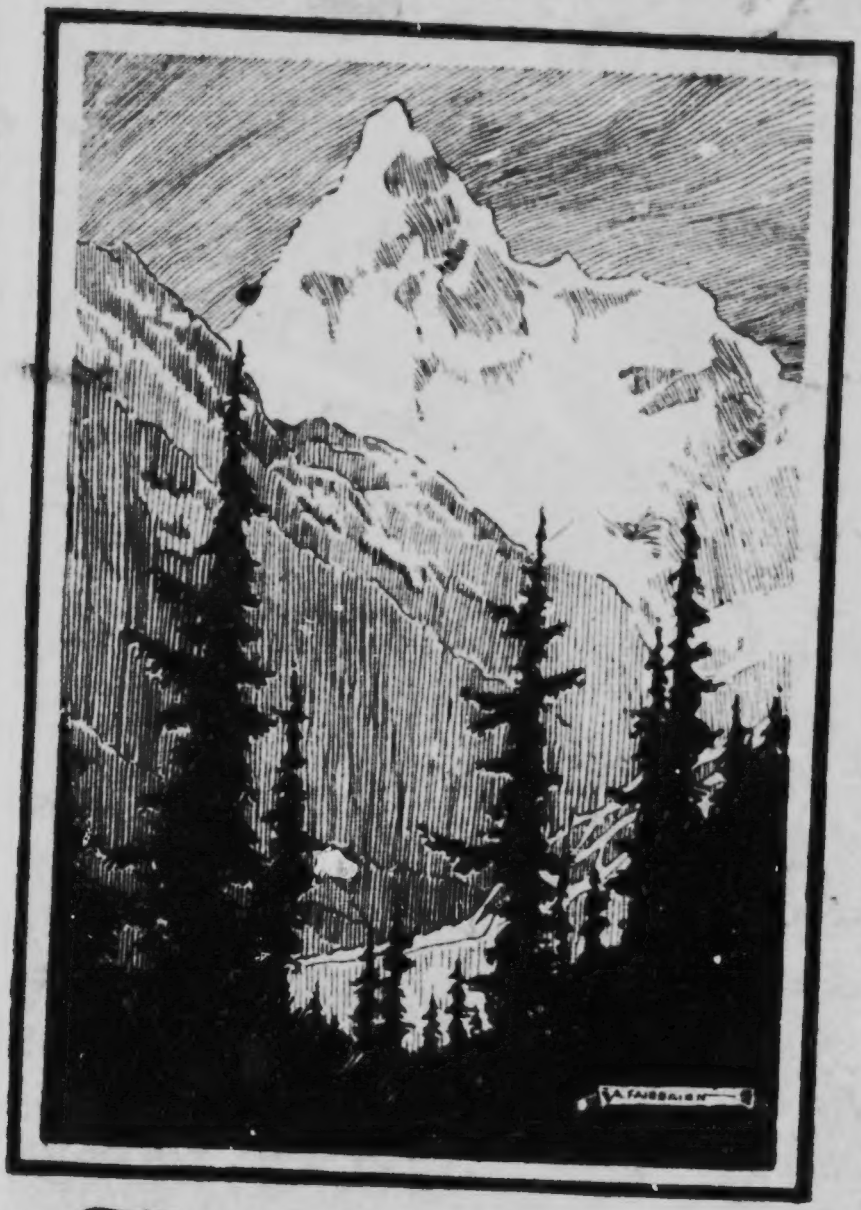

The Pilgrim's Annual

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J.A. FAIRBAIRN

The Pilgrim's Annual

A Book of Folly and Wisdom

Compiled by

An Average Man

I will be your little companion some way along the road, and when I whisper of things True or Beautiful you shall forget how rough the road is, and have glimpses of Incomprehensibles and have thoughts of Things; which thoughts but tenderly touch.

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¶ The profits on the sale of this work will be devoted to the *Kootenay Arrow* Publication Fund.

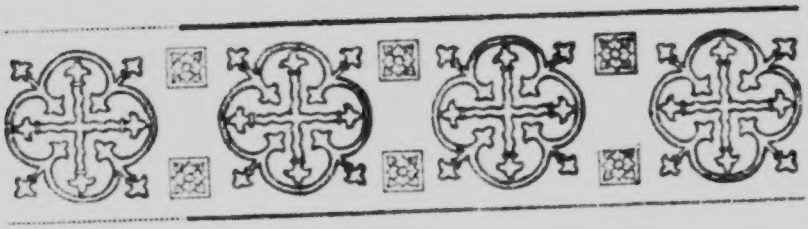
THIS BOOK.

BY WAY OF PREFACE

There is no consistency in this little book—no sequence of ideas: It is just a stock pot. From week to week it jumps from one mood to another, from gay to serious, from wise to foolish. But it is all the work of one cook—or to speak without metaphor, it is all the thought of one mind. We are perverse enough to rejoice in this jumble. We delight in the blatantly inconsistent. Nothing in this world is consistent until it's dead. Life itself is a glorious old mix-up, a patch-work of many colors. Maybe there IS a consistency, nay CERTAINLY there is a consistency somewhere, and if we could see the perfect consistency of all things we should see God. Only it isn't on the surface, and it is not in the experience of one human mind or system. The attempt to be perfectly consistent, logical, orderly, legally accurate reduces us to a deadly commonplace. It is the Teutonic long suit; breeds Kaiserism, ecclesiasticism, pharisaism, the unco' guid, and the "Church Times."

No—We do not set out to show ourselves consistent. We are just a sheaf of thoughts, fancies, speculations, and anything you please—suitably clothed like any other man, and ready to go wherever we may find a welcome.

W. H. B.



GREETING.

I greet you!

Not the semblance of you, fashionable or unfashionable, with all those little frills of mannerisms and bad habits, but you yourself—your dear old self, I greet:—By all the happy hours we've spent together, by all the escapades of youth, by all the tears and dreams and laughter of gone days. I gather all together and hold them warm and living in my heart—and you with them.

Dear Friend, in Friendship's name—God bless you.

THE POWER OF LAUGHTER

You can't do anything to a man who is big enough to laugh at you. Alas! for your dignity and severity! You stand a puny fool before the man who sees what a joke you are.

And what can life do if you laugh it in the eye? Laughter, if it be genuine, real, deep, welling up from the soul's sense of humor, is a sure sign of strength. If this is so, what untold mirth, what riotous titanic-music-laughter must there be in God!

That may sound irreverent.

But why should it? We attribute to God all kinds of human qualities—anger, love, sorrow, patience. Is laughter less divine than anger?

SECOND WEEK.

HAPPINESS, SOUGHT AND UNSOUGHT.

There are two ways of seeking Happiness: Either you soar far above all miseries, rising on wings of a masterful will. . . . . .

Or you sink down into a little nest amid the garden of miseries, so low and cosy that you see no furrows and feel no disturbances.

But Happiness is not so found. It comes when you cease to seek it. Forget it, and it is there!

THIRD WEEK.

RESPECTABILITY.

There would be no respectability if we all knew each other: We should all be confessed, deep dyed liars. Then we should all begin telling the Truth and there would arise a new and better humanity. But it can't be done: Too many would die of the shock.

So we remain respectable! . . . .

It's the eternal lying that wears us out—all the pretence and speeceh and make-belief. Who does not sigh for a society where people are truthful and love liberally without jealousy?

FOURTH WEEK.

DUTY—THE IMPERFECT MOTIVE.

Duty at best is an imperfect motive to act upon. It enables us to find the Right, but never the Beautiful. Love is the only impulse to perfect action. Failing that, take Duty as the first step (so far it is infallible). But never rest till what is done is done for more than Duty.

FIFTH WEEK.

FOREGROUNDS AND BACKGROUNDS.

There are workers who see and work only in the foreground of things: the party politicians, the little parochial men, the laborers.

And there are those whose eyes are on the far horizon: the preachers of ideals, the artists, the makers of movements.

Both classes are apt to overbalance: the supreme need is their synthesis.

Thus give the laborer an Ideal, and give the idealist Work, and both will be nearer Truth.

SIXTH WEEK.

MY BABY.

O, I have an exquisite baby,
All compost of mountains and sky;
And a soul I captured in Dreamland
When no one was nigh.

As a flower that gathers fair colors
From dunnest, wormiest sods;
My baby has gathered the sweetness
Of all that is God's.

SEVENTH WEEK.

THE DIVINITY OF FUN.

Is it not true that the further one recedes into the depths of pre-history, the more terrible life appears to have been for man? Fear, a horror inconceivable to us, must have attended man's gradual conquest of nature; and not until he attained a fairly high level of life did he discover how to laugh. One may conclude that joy, pure fun, merriment are gifts which man has won, and signs, not of shallowness nor folly, but of wisdom. . . . . .

Tragedy is more primitive than comedy.

I cannot help thinking God sees the funny side of human life, and must laugh a lot (if He does not weep) at times.

THE VALUE OF THE PERSONAL.

There is no interest in this world but the persona
An institution, a Creed, a magazine only attracts a
tention and retains it as long as it is personal, i.
Human, a reflection or expression of a human min
or a group of minds: It is the same with Religio
itself. There is no religion without Personality. He
is the incipient death sentence of all modern panth
istic types of faith. If you eliminate the person
God you must substitute a Mrs. Eddy. You mu
have something eternally Human right in the heart
your Religion; something fallible (though not nece
sarily erring): something betraying Will, Affectio
and Desire, and these three in all the varying co
binations which go to make human history.

. . . . . .

Would you be anything other than dust in the roa
Cast out fear, be yourself; throw your whole perso
ality into all you do! For Heaven's sake don't be
parasite, and don't be just a member of society—
mute, a wallflower! Be a man! And into whatev
Nation or Creed or Church your manhood is ca
you shall bring the vitalising spark of a human p
sonality. Your Nation, Creed, Church shall live
cause of you.

HUSBANDS.

One can scarce write lightheartedly of them! All other things demand our sympathy, and husbands not the least, being of all the most tender, longsuffering and patient of animals. I knew a woman who had a husband (In fact I have known several), a beautiful creature he was, but O! So delicate, so sensitive, and so good. Once they had a baby (later they had some more) and when the baby cried the poor man was quite upset; in fact his head ached and he was obliged to send his wife and the baby to sleep in the attic so that his nights should not be disturbed It was very thoughtful of him.

When they had six babies he joined a club: He was so anxious to improve himself. In the evenings he would dine at the club—just to save his wife the trouble of preparing a six-course dinner; and after dinner he would study in the smoke room, with a few friends and some cigars, and now and then a little lime juice to stimulate his mind. It was sometimes quite late when he got home, but even then, tired and exhausted as he was, the babies (or one of them) would sometimes cry. On such occasions, his poor exhausted frame, the tired eyes drooping and the manly legs almost beyond control, he would be obliged to express his opinions with some vigor. Then it was that with a zeal almost Hosean in its fearlessness he would intimate to his wife his convictions regarding life and sacrifice and babies. Poor fellow, he must have suffered. His wife died when she was thirty-two. It was not considerate.

THE SUM OF IT ALL!

A little laughter, a little play,
  A few tears shed, a sigh, a sleep
At the end of the day,
  With Love to enfold me.
Then Peace . . and come what may

ELEVENTH WEEK.

FLEET LOVE

It was you, yes, 'twas you who awakened me
    There where I fell asleep?
Was it touch of a fairy hand?
Was it something moved quickly away?
    Did I hear it creep
    Out of the room
    As I woke from sleep?

It was you, yes, t'was you who awakened me
    Out of my earth-bound sleep,
And timid the touch of your lips!
Then you left me alone, fled away,
    I heard your retreat
    Out of my life,
    As I woke from sleep.

THE COMMONSENSE OF RELIGION.

The message of the living church must be no merely an interpretation of outworn theologica phrases, it must be a practical statement of the wa of life as revealed by the Great Physician, an inte pretation of His method of salvation (or as I woul say, of health). Stated concisely: Religion and th religion of Christ in particular, is the science of hu man health. Once people realise this and shak from their cob-webby heads all those dusty idea about religion as a retreat for hysterical maidens o fusty theologians, once people realise that the mini ter of Christ is as important an economic factor i their life as the doctor, policeman or storekeepe and we shall have no more empty churches an drawling, half-dead preachers. The church will b to you a place of joy and as stimulating as a baseba game or a visit to the hot springs!

If we don't want to live our life in isolation ward we must "learn health"; and to learn this we mu go to the Master of Health—even Christ.

be not
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THIRTEENTH WEEK.

ON GETTING CLOSE.

Human creatures the world over are trying to get closer together—one way or another. Some crowd into cities and build up mighty mansions and wear funny clothes—and despite the frequent scantiness of the latter, still find themselves as far off as ever from their fellow mortals. Then there are some that work, and others that play, and some that swindle; There are those that marry and those that don't—and those that would if they could!—but they are all after the same thing—just to "get close" to their fellows—just to come up tight against some one who understands, and so to feel themselves one with a larger self.

I've a notion—it may be wrong—but I don't think we'll get the closeness that satisfies until we learn to get close to the Father of things. We are spread out on the surface of a sphere and it's only when we get centrewards that we come close together. Get back to the great hub of things and we'll find ourselves in touch with all the world.

FOURTEENTH WEEK.

PARSONS.

The greatest antiques of the human race are to be found amongst the parsons. I have long contemplated a book upon "Some Parsons I Have Met"; but it is beyond me at present. It needs Dickens!

Parsons! What figures the term calls up! I am not for the moment thinking of the healthy, strong, big, free men—and there are many such to be found in the "Cloth"—but of the genuinely, unconsciously funny men; animated caricatures, who grew up when they were nineteen, then stopped, and have grown nothing since, except bark. At nineteen they had completed their development, they were finally settled in all their opinions, they had discovered and taken possession of the whole of Truth. Henceforward they were "sound," "orthodox," and absolutely stuck. Then there grew upon them a "dearly beloved brethren" voice; a complete set of mannerisms, including a "mothers' meeting" smile, a homeletic frown, and a back-patting habit for admonitary application to the young, and a glass-of-water thirst. This outfit, together with a sheaf of inherited sermons, inherited ideas (dead as gravestones), a small income, a large wife and family completes the tale.

But they are dying off: They die slowly but surely. And there is a new type under construction.

FIFTEENTH WEEK.

METHODS AND DOGMAS.

The religious work of the future, both in writing and preaching, will be less concerned with other people's opinions about God than with methods by which each may attain his own opinion. Instead of stating final Truths we shall be content to indicate ways of approach and leave each soul to make its own journey. . . . . After all, a statement which assumes finality of knowledge on any subject kills all interest in that subject. A dogma to be of any service must be the result of one's own experience. Let the historic Church, therefore, show us the method of attainment, and not merely the conclusions of the Saints.

SIXTEENTH WEEK.

TO A FAIR AND STATELY LADY.

O fair and stately Lady,
Most radiant majesty, in your realm of dream,
On your lonely way, pause,
And from the far horizon bend your sweet eyes
Until like Benediction falls their gaze
On this unworthy head, bowed in profound abas
ment.
But just the benediction of your gaze I crave:
Not to come near you, not to stay your way,
Not to disray one fold of that most happy mantle.
I would not touch you: I am all too soiled.
Your holiness would burn me.
But your gaze . . .
But just the Benediction of your gaze I crave,
Then pass thou—pass thou on.

SEVENTEENTH WEEK.

A GIRL.

Arabella dried her eyes, powdered her nose, put on her best hat, and with a tearful handkerchief clenched in her tiny fist she went out, banging the hall door behind her, with a swear. She took the shortest route to the cosiest café and ordered tea and puffed pastry.

No, that is the whole story of Arabella: And Arabella was a girl. What happened before and what followed after we can all divine. Arabella had been ill-treated, slighted, etc., etc. By a man? Of course: How else? By a great, unfeeling, beastly brute, a swip, a puppy, a cruel, heartless, vulgar, etc., etc., (other epithets to be filled in to taste), and Arabella had foresworn for ever all male society. She was convinced once and for all, all men were the same, all (and here please apply any or all of the above epithets) . . . and she, for her part, would pass her days in maiden meditation, a disillusioned creature, a woman of the world. And yet, after four cups of tea and six puff pastries, a ride on a 'bus, and an accidental meeting in the Strand with—with John (the creature referred under the foregoing titles, beastly brute, etc., etc.), Arabella was to be found in the orchestra stalls at the Vaudeville—eating Fuller's chocolates, and even now and then wanly smiling.

EIGHTEENTH WEEK.

VISION.

What we see depends not so much upon what is before us as upon what is within us. . . .

Our understanding of the world lies along our line of interest. . . . . .

Our ignorance is as important to our life as is our knowledge; e. g.: If the eye saw all before it, it would see nothing. It is because it cannot see something that it sees others.

NINETEENTH WEEK.

IN THE ROCKIES—AT NIGHT.

The trackless plain of snow:
The gaunt bare trees, stalking from out the gloom—
The gloom where armies of the pine entrench—
And the far heights flashing their cold white breasts
    Athwart the moon-rays.
Climbing to the murmuring stars,
    Atossed in space. Space!
O wondrous, overarching, intangible place of God,
    The sky!
And holding all, a stillness, speechful stillness,
Like the stillness of eyes that love
    And are satisfied.

TWENTIETH WEEK.

LIFE'S ILLOGIC.

Life is sublimely illogical: It laughs to scorn every principle of mathematics. It is completely inconsistent. Twi · two never make four, in the world of living experience. Four horses don't pull twice as much as two, or at twice the speed; and four friends around one don't produce twice the pleasure that two produce. One wife plus one wife does not make two wives—but no wife at all!

Browning hits it off in these words of Bishop Blougram to Mr. Gigadibs:

"And now what are we? Unbelievers both,
Calm and complete, determinedly fixed? . .
In no wise. . . . . .
Just when we are safest, there's a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flowerbell, someone's death,
A chorus ending from Euripides —"

No, it isn't logic (the mathematics of thought) that determines life.

Our finest deductions must always be from some imperfect premise: There is always more to premise than we have considered; there is always something seaping in somewhere to upset our calculations.

That something, Art calls Inspiration, and Religion calls God.

TWENTY-FIRST WEEK.

THE USE OF PAIN.

We NEED the pain and the affliction as we need the night. We should never have seen the vision of the moonlight upon snow-capped mountains; the silent speaking stars streaming their messages to tired earth; the abysmal blue spaces; we should not know these things but that the sun is darkened and the daylight dies.

There is a splendour realised through pain and sorrow of heart, a brilliance in tears. Broken hearts make great harmonies for Angel ears.

One day we shall understand.

TWENTY-SECOND WEEK.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER IN ENGLAND.

It is a golden autumn day! I sit on the Terrace bathed in rich warm sunshine, breathed upon by a gentle, faerie wind, that comes to me in playful gusts, and rushes away, and makes whispering music in the stiffening leaves. The great level lawn sleeps before me, always restful and quiescent, to-day vibrant with the sun-joy—speaking forth, even in these autumn days, in timid buttercups.

Around my lawn is a multitude of trees—a friendly company, young and old, large and small. The golden browns of the beech and chestnut are burnished in the sun—shining forth living gold—and dark firs and pines, sturdy, mystical, stand in darker shadows. There are little tough yews, solid bunches of black and green. Frivolous waving willows make fun of them, and big white marguerites sparkle in the ordered beds between. There are late roses, too, and masses of dark red foxgloves. But the mystery is always behind—down there in the valley where the grey shadows are—where the air is cool and the little river plays over the stones. I can only catch faint glimpses of the sad valley now, across the sun-lit lawn; but beyond the valley rise the hills, bathed in a misty shade, showing just lightly red bare rock and gorse patches.

TWENTY-THIRD WEEK.

THE TEST

[illegible] your message grows more clear, as you feel [illegible] philosophy becoming more and more an organic [illegible] and consequently your speech more articulate, [illegible] original, less conventional—as this proceeds [illegible] will trust you less; your friends will forsake [illegible] and disbelieve in you. You have got away from [illegible] common copy-book things, and maybe as yet have [illegible]mplished nothing to prove yourself ipso facto, a man. Here is the test: Forsaken of all, you have only yourself to trust in; you are in an absolute [illegible] ALONE. If in that hour you believe in your- [illegible] and find your philosophy suffice, you will come [illegible] through. If not . . . . It is good for [illegible] to have been so deserted, for your philosophy is [illegible] your message false.

TWENTY-FOURTH WEEK.

AFTER THE DANCE.

Out of the hot aching atmosphere—from heart
throbbing, laughter, unshed tears of the ball room;
Out of the glare and emotion, from amongst the
sweet faces—
Bewitching luring smiles; strong terrible embraces
Clear of it all.
Away, away, speeding into the night—cool, dark,
calm night—
Over the still waters, under the mountains
With a little crew of worn-out, wearied men,
My throbbing boat ploughs onward.
This one now asleep—after a mad drinking bout—
because a girl had captured him and flung him
aside;
This one all awake—standing in the breeze—cooling
the fired imagination—While two grey eyes haunt
him—and pursed mouth mocking, draws and draws
him: And he stands beside the engine, a calm,
dark figure, still. And the machinery throbs
rythmically.
This one with a drawn mouth and sparkless eyes,
making jokes, silly, flat jokes, without fun, coming
from a dull, serious heart.
And others—huddled up in rugs, or reading some
story of romance in the dim light under the canopy
—or chewing oranges or gum.
All tired—all more than tired.
Such a crew in my little vessel as I stand at the
wheel facing the night.
Humanity, exhausted with pleasure! What on God's
Earth more pathetic!

TWENTY-FIFTH WEEK.

HOME-GLANCE.

Why is it that sweetened and refreshed as a Sussex vale in August by a wind coming in from the sea, the scenes and circumstances of past years come back to life in the still gallery of memory? Why the blest fragrance this quieting as of bells across the summer fields? I do not know. But now and then when you are weary—far away from things that save you life—now and then such sweet memories bring reviving and bless the toiling hour.

So now amid this restless sea of mountains—amid the speechless vastness, mile on unmeasured mile of trackless forest, homeless grandeur—here to me amid a stranger people comes the memory of the loved hills of England—of downs and villages, of noisy living streets, of quiet fields of corn and Kentish copses—

TWENTY-SIXTH WEEK.

OUR ENGLAND

[illegible]
[illegible]ds of corn and buzzing hedge rows.
[illegible]
[illegible] meadow-sweet and foxgloves greet you
[illegible]
[illegible] of corn, blow softly honied breezes.
[illegible] heads bow together.
[illegible] happy harvest words.
[illegible]
Maybe one never loved them then or knew it then
[illegible] And yet that summer evening as I sat on
[illegible] hill, with twenty miles of English
[illegible] is stretched at my feet—patches of elms
[illegible] harboring quaint villages breathing blue
[illegible] Church spire, silent pointer to a dozen [illegible]
[illegible] as obtrusive as everything else in the picture, but always there; as I sat on the brow of the hill and the blue sky deepened while the lark rose higher, breaking the hush with music—so English . . . . . As I paused there, with a bleak and worried past behind me, and the future so calmly hopeful before . . . . . did I not love it? Was it not an unspeakable rest? I have carried it away with me—the scene, the hour, the Englishness of it.

With all our admiration for these new grand lands, with a new born lust of wealth our English hearts still fly back to the mother we love so well—for peace and refreshment.

It is surely for this, once dear and therefore always dear to us that we fight today—the quiet calm dignity of England.

SEVENTH WEEK.

THE IDEAL.

[illegible] not here, not here where streets are
[illegible] scribed,
[illegible] shacks and shanties cumber all the
ground,
[illegible] and breaths unsweet
[illegible] the air

[illegible] ever on yonder glacial heights,
[illegible] the unhindered ray on crystal surfaces
of snow,
[illegible] and the mountain fastnesses,
[illegible] Its silences is;
[illegible] plays His instruments of Pine
and Cataract
[illegible] caverns deep, where echo mighty
winds
[illegible] of the underwold
[illegible] beds begirt with faery ferns give sleep
to faery forms,
[illegible] years of undisturbed gloom.
[illegible] my love, where wilding flowers breathe
free
[illegible] perfumes, and modestly reveal their sweet
virginity
[illegible] eyes, or eyes untarnished by the
fleshly pall:
[illegible] sing songs that never man can hear;
[illegible] exquisite, too big with ecstacy.
[illegible] she dwells 'mid all things beautiful,
[illegible] the furthest reach of eye or soaring mind,
[illegible] content my love doth dwell,
And dreams of me.

TWENTY-EIGHTH WEEK.

PASSED BY.

O Life, have you passed—have you passed me by
With a nod, a whisper, running apace,
And left me alone on the roadside to sigh
And wonder why?

You whispered, I heard as you lightly passed,
Suggested such dreams of Being and Loving,
And beautiful worlds: I could not follow.
I tried—but you ran too fast.

I saw you step over the brow of the hill;
You seemed to look back and to beckon;
My spirit leapt at your look with a thrill,
But my body lay still!

MORE THAN A CATERPILLAR.

I have been sitting under these trees a whole day, just waiting like a caterpillar under a leaf, curled up in a most inelegant figure, waiting to get somewhere, to feel, know, be, something more than a caterpillar. And now I realise, all of a sudden, I am a Butterfly and not a caterpillar. What a joke! For a man who has been humbly sitting in a corner, under a mere leaf which any wind of circumstance could puff away, suddenly to find himself a free winged creature, with all the sky to fly in!

This may happen to YOU some day—if you watch out!

THIRTIETH WEEK.

THE BREAKFAST TABLE

My breakfast table is laid already when I enter. That is a condition of its charm. To see it disorganized, a mere remnant of yesterday, is to miss its savor! No—there it is when I enter fresh and hungry from my walk. For I have been in the fields; I have breathed the chill air, and watched the sun light on the misty distances; I have opened and expanded myself to the new life of a sky that is only a few hours old. So I come to my breakfast. The sunbeam flashes across the white table, hits the silver and the china. They respond playfully. But it stays in the red richness of the geranium in the centre. Happily mated, my geranium's red and the golden beam. They have a kind of speech for me: A welcoming.

Then the scent of the coffee! You can't describe it or the sensation it induces, but it makes you glad to be mortal. And when the perfume of toast and bacon, daily minsled with fresh morning air strikes your sense, you pity the Angels!

It is all very charming. A sacrament for the man in a right mood.

KEEPING YOUNG.

I have often contemplated writing a book in de[illegible] of being young and frivolous, but writing books [illegible] and expensive. Personally I am very [illegible] and always have been--and always shall be. Where is the fun in getting old here when you have eternity in front of you? Why, there is scarcely time to cut your teeth in this life—and as for growing up and getting fat and conventional and serious and long-[illegible]: Well! let those do it who can, I don't mean to. As a matter of fact no one likes old things. We love [illegible]rs not because they're old, but because [illegible] young, always young and new. We love old [illegible] Cathedrals because they are the work of [illegible]dren, and are full of the free and fantastic and original imagination of childhood.

If you live long enough and keep young enough [illegible]eone will love YOU in time: So cheer up and [illegible] young.

THIRTY-SECOND WEEK.

SHEEP-BELL CHARM

There are times
When the chimes
Of the sheep-bells
In the deep-dells
Bring a charm,
Wrap from harm
Tired spirits,
Love-distraught wits.
There are times they soothe to sleep;
Yes—these silly bells they soothe to sleep
Souls of men, a-wandering—like sheep.

THIRTY THIRD WEEK.

WHAT SHE EXPECTED

[illegible] same before as after——

[illegible], you're looking tired: You must come to the [illegible]. Expense? Oh! never mind that." Then [illegible] at the Strand Palace, and a seat in the stalls. [illegible] home. And a house out of town: a de[illegible] villa with lawns and rose trees, etc., etc —with [illegible]ers. And always a brave knightly figure [illegible] back the world and all its loads of worries [illegible]; withal as gentle and thoughtful and good [illegible] as an angel. And plenty of servants

WHAT SHE GOT.

A house on the car-line (for economy's sake), being one in the row of three hundred all alike; with four feet of garden in front and "Theatre! Great Scott, no. we can't afford theatres! Why . . . . . And washing day once a week—lasting two days (hubby dining out!). After six months, bills from the butcher and baker and grocer; and "You go to the door, that's the tailor. Tell him to hang himself."

And plenty of hard work.

THIRTY FOURTH WEEK.

WHAT HE EXPECTED

At breakfast time a happy sunny face and a voice musical with laughter and roguery. Then on the top a kiss, and such a wave-off as gives a man cheer and makes him whistle through the frets of business . . . . And at the day's end, a warm house, still aglow with more than sunshine; and someone pretty, in a pretty frock, and a sense of space and time; a little room for dreaming, and perchance a coffee-dish loving . . . . . All this he expected!

WHAT HE GOT

At breakfast time, curl-papers and a nag—with yesterday's coffee and cold bacon: All taken standing for haste. . . . . At day's end—a smell of "washing," the remainder of the cold bacon, and the sentimental end of the nag.

THIRTY-FIFTH WEEK.

CARNIVAL.

It is luringly dark in the shade of the trees,
  You can see all you want sitting here,
The stars looking down hide and seek thro' the leaves
  Are you cold? There's a breeze.
Yes, I hear the gay strains of the band;
    Do stay here!
  How smart it all looks through the trees;
The myriad lights round the cliff, the glare of the
    stand.
  May I take it—your hand?
No: 'Tisn't all that; it's just here the charm,
  The warm sense of YOU is the joy.
I touch—so—your cheek; and I hold your dear arm.
  The breeze has dropped now: There's a calm.

THIRTY SIXTH WEEK.

MY HEIRLOOMS

"Packed away in the cells of memory I have many sweet-scented heirlooms—curios picked up in boyhood and youth as playthings. Sacred touchstones now I could unfold their wrappings and reveal them, only the light of day must tarnish them. I fear they will look so faded when I hold them to another's view. But they are a kind consolation to me in lonely hours—like old love-letters after many years.

"When I dare look at them with critical eye I find in all a kind of family likeness, common features. First a beautiful setting on moorlands amid heather with the sense of purple distances; in green ravines with music of waters thrilling in the air, and scent of Lilies-of-the-Valley; on bleak mountain tops all skyey, beetling the world mastertully; amidst the time-hushed ruins of old castles, full of secrets, and breathing of past ages—Such.

"And maybe a pair of sparkling eyes—a touch of warm fingers: Indeed, such sweet stuff as Romance is made of."

(From 'An Unexplored Romance.')

LOVE AND ILLUSION.

If you go about the world seeking to be loved, you are looking for trouble. Seek rather to be lovable. And this you shall accomplish by loving actively, seeking no return; striving to give yourself in every imaginable effort for the uplift and encouragement of your fellows. . . . . .

Most people who are "in love," are in love with themselves. It is a subtle conceit whereby we enjoy the good offices and sweetness of another, much as we enjoy a cutlet of lamb; only in this latter case we don't humbug ourselves into the idea of 'being in love' with a hot roast. The love most men have for a woman is of this nature and lamb is soon out of season!

The fact is the loving that lasts, is a spiritual activity. It's counterpart in the physical organism is purely seasonal and transitory. . . . .

Our ability to love is determined by our mental and spiritual vigour. The love which is based in the physical qualities is necessarily an Illusion, and unless it leads us to higher planes of Being must leave us shipwrecked.

MY FIRST FIELD.

I could tell you of the first field I ever SAW!

Moses had his burning bush—but I had my field, and it was no less "afire with God." It lay on the far side of a pebbly stream which ran between steep banks, and it was guarded by a barbed wire fence. I never crossed that stream; I never tore my garments on the spiked wire; I never trampled down the waving grass or plucked the great white daisies. I was six then. My brother and sisters were younger, and I took them and showed them my field: It was a long, long way away.

That was the most mysterious field I ever saw; its mystery and beauty have been with me all my life. God knows why—only I am glad I never plucked its flowers.

Some years ago I tried to find my field of the great white daisies, but a factory had been built upon it.

THIRTY-NINTH WEEK.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

Mother:—

For so I, a son of the Empire at whose Altar you have laid your treasure, may call you, Mother: In your loneliness be comforted. Yours has been a blessed privilege—Cruel? Yes cruel, I know—you brought him into the world—your pain gave him life; your own best devotion builded his soul. With your heart throbs you have followed his impetuous way. "And now in some lone foughten field he lies, unmarked his mound by any graven stone"—Yes. Yes: It is cruel: And it is so piteous strange. For it was some loving mother's son who did it—Why? Why should these things be? You women—can you not save us men, your sons, from this madness of war? When comes the time of your tenderer reign? When shall we men learn it is better to save than to destroy—better to give than to govern. Forgive us, forgive, mother of the men who fall!

And now, mother, look away beyond that grave. He whom you love, he lives, he loves, he knows: In that he gave he is glad. Could he reach you he would cheer away your tears for now he knows no strain nor terror, but in company of unnumbered heroes, in a world too fine for our gross senses to comprehend, he lives the larger life. Let Faith be added to your Love, and Hope to Faith; and the peace which passeth understanding shall be yours—

I am,

A GRATEFUL SON-OF-EMPIRE.

FORTIETH WEEK.

THERE ARE TIMES!

There are times when the strained and aching present is calmed and soothed by an inrush from the past; times when we can do no more than throw ourselves back on life's easy chair and with closed eyes submit our consciousness to the dear dead days. Then come voices and visions, sunny or sad, clear or nebulous, whole crowds of sights and sounds and colors and forms, joys and fears, facts and fallacies—filling the mind-spaces, bringing rest. We laugh at them—those old romances, those lost friends, those boyhood pranks, but we doubt if life will ever be sweeter, loftier, more Divine than it was then. . .

I see the sunlight sparkling on a summer sea: The warm sun seems to kindle within me the light it kindles on the waves. A childish hand, soft and confiding lies in my own. A beautiful face, ideal of health and love looks archly up into mine—and the unlashed beams from two brown eyes strike joyous confusion into mine. How large and deep those eyes were! How luscious the lashes that fell on the dimpled cheek! . . . . It was only a boyhood's Idyll—and yet methinks all the grown years of manhood's strife have less of eternity in them, than those few moments under the sun.

FORTY-FIRST WEEK.

THE MEANING OF NIETZSCHE.

Many men come into prominence and even popularity not because of the originality of their lives, or because of their essential worth, but because they express the essential ideas of their time, good or bad, rich or mean. . . .

Nietzsche is just Europe—just Europe's competition, the "man-in-the-street" grown powerful. The production of such a man is a Divine portent, telling us what we really are.

FORTY-SECOND WEEK.

THE PROPOSAL.

High on a boulder, there in the green, sat you down,
And I kissed you, kissed your shoulder
I did not see—did you frown?
Up above a dark pool, in the soft turf there,
You sternly put me, yes, put me to school:
You did not forbid me, did you, when I twined your hair?
There upon a summer day, long, long day in June,
Love grew bold and said his say.
That you WOULD: And your smile said "yea."
And I took your answer, 'cos you didn't say me "nay."
So I kissed you, boldly kissed you, and you didn't turn away.
Smile coyly, was it "yea" or "nay"? You just hummed a tune!

FORTY-THIRD WEEK.

INSOLUBLE PROBLEMS.

The majority of life's insoluble problems don't exist at all: Except as fictions of our brains. The things we can't prove are the things which only a fool would ask us to prove. The quickest reply is to prove the questioner a fool, to his own satisfaction. Only take care or he may turn the tables.

FORTY-FOURTH WEEK.

IN A KENTISH COPSE.

Come with me to a Kentish copse in springtime. .

There is a scent of wood violets and a vision in yellow and blue. You have never seen such harmony in color as when the primrose and wild hyacinth meet under the early green of the hazel, and the canopy of the blue sky. . . . This copse is a place for fairies and elves, and all small and tender things. Big folks like you and I must crawl clumsily over the primrose bank to reach the green recesses and lie under the deep deep blue and watch the spring-green tips a-waving in the light. Then the REST of it! The calm, sweet nestled joy as Nature whispers her love song of Life and Beauty. Thank God for the hazel copse!

I think I could tell you why the hazel copse was so wonderful—it was because my eyes were full of love: Love was lighting them and teaching them to see. All the world was bathed in glory that day. In the wood, on the hill, in the sleepy village was holy ground. There was no pain, no turmoil, no regret—for Love was with me and we rode together!

TO MY LADY OF PAIN.

Go Rose, to my lady of pain,
Go speak to my love;
With the dew of the morn on your leaves,
A message from blue skies above.
Go tell her red rose, earth wrought you
In sorrow and toil,
And now to this sweetness has brought you
So fair—yet a child of the soil.
Go tell her her life's as your own,
Perfected through pain,
Distilling from sorrow new beauty;
Through mist of tears Heavenly gain.
Go Rose, God's benison with you;
Go Rose, with my kiss on your leaves

FORTY-SIXTH WEEK.

TO A GIRL.

My Dear Young Lady:

I have been puzzling over you for a long time: You are one of the most fascinating things I've come across. I can't make you out. You are so silly so empty-headed, so funny, with your giggles and sad eyes; your eternal effort to please the likely young man while you appear not to care two straws. I say all this, together with the equally funny snubs you occasionally render to the one who displeases you; all this is immensely amusing and really earns you your poor existence. But I am convinced you are more than this. I have seen you in your home, a capable and attentive woman with a head for management and an eye for order. Your two primal instincts are betrayed: Sex and home. They are quite distinct. The bird or animal or insect decks itself in fair colours, produces alluring sounds and altogether makes itself attractive in obedience to the sex instinct—so do you. But that same creature strips its gay plumage, robs and bemires itself to succour its offspring—so will you: And likely as not when I see you in five or ten years' time you will show yourself without shame a bedraggled matron, sans beauty, sans colour, sans giggles, sans everything but babies and a character which knows how to suffer and give. It seems altogether pitiful from the standpoint of appearances. But nature after all has larger aims and only uses appearances to lure the frivolous into deeper and more enduring matters.

Yours,

HENRY.

FORTY-SEVENTH WEEK.

THE EGO'S CONFESSION.

Hear the Self bespeak its own arising—and its Body's redemption.

"I am entangled in a web sticky with passion: I am called and lured hither and thither: I am dared to fight, threatened with suffering—yet I do not desire. I do not race madly after my quarry, I do not fight, I do not suffer. Around me race and fight and struggle and suffer the nerves of my body, the blood, the muscle, the brain:

"But I stand quiet and unperturbed, fearless—in God. I am His son. Through me He ministers His Love, His influence, His will to nerves and brain and blood. And gradually, as I utter His command a joyful quietness comes over this Body in which I dwell: It becomes healthy, fearless, sensitive to every breath of things sweet and true. And so with me it arises out of the criminal, foul surroundings, until we stand, my Body and I, whole and safe. Very holy and beautiful has my Body become—for "I" have cleansed the Temple and God has come to dwell."

THE PERFECT PEOPLE.

They never talk of doing good, or of Religion—any more than a healthy man talks of his liver. . . . Indeed, all this talking about Charity and Religion is a sign of disease—a proof of the lack of Charity and Religion. The really religious people don't even know they are religious. But they talk to God and play with the Angels, and wash saucepans and bear babies—all in the same mind. And when they sing it is music—but they don't TALK of music. And when talk it is Poetry—but they don't TALK of Poetry. And they never think of sacrifice or pain. But they laugh a great deal and sacrifice with them is the wine of life.

But of course they don't exist!

FORTY-NINTH WEEK.

SOME HOMES.

"The grand secret of the failure of many a married life is to be found not in the man or the woman, but in the Home—or rather the House. Too often the House becomes a hive in which a wife dissipates a soul in order that a man may rest a body. It seems a cruel thing that a woman in whom at the beginning a man sees a mystic Goddess throned in splendour, should cast away all that is worshipful and become the haggard waitress of a sleeping and eating outfit. Yet so it is. Behold Mrs. Smith-Robinson, her furrows, her wrinkles, and ill tempers, and underdone puddings! And the Smith-Robinson wrapped in his newspaper—wondering why he came home so early, or if it is not yet bed time. We like to keep it secret—yes! because it is unfit for publicity. Too often our homes are, not the birthplaces or resting places of culture and character, but the sepulcres of romance, the breeding places of ill manners, bad taste and refined cruelty."

(From 'Domestic Sketches,' by An English Husband.)

FIFTIETH WEEK.

EARTH AND MAN.

O you great, glorious, silent world!
You sombre hills with the gleaming tops!
You moon and waters and stretches of sand!
You forests, dark, impenetrable!
You thunderous cateracts!
And the moonlight overflooding all
Like silver air. . . .
As some lone giant you lie:
Your arms outstretched
To call upon a Soul to fill a stateless body,
Beautiful in all things, yet alone. . . .
You Titan Earth—you are so desolate, so piteous
lonely! . . . . . .
So He,
The wondrous God, made man,
To be to you as Soul, as wife to man,
And man has wrought and toiled and fought with you;
And you have held him lovingly,
And answered fruitfully his passioned laboring,
And you poor Giant are blest in blessing him.

FIFTY-FIRST WEEK.

PEACE AND WAR.

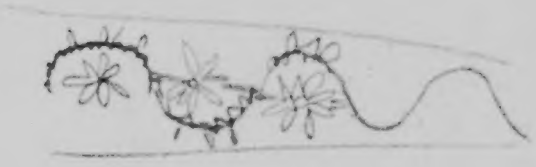
There is a false Peace—the Peace of a dead dog, the Peace of an anæsthetic which enables us to sleep through our own mutilation. Maybe such a Peace had fallen upon us: Maybe we were closing our eyes as a stagnant pond overgrown with rank weeds closes its eyes to the clear light of heaven. Against such a Peace it was that Germany railed. But Germany in her fight against Peace failed to detect "the Peace of God which passeth understanding."

And as for War: There is a War which is of the devil, ghastly blood-lust, the War for Power and Place. There is War which kills the righteous and blots out Truth—and there is War which is of God, and fights against the powers of Darkness, which liberates the oppressed and defends the fatherless and widow.

In themselves Peace and War are neither Good nor Evil, but the purposes they set out to accomplish determine their nature.

FIFTY-SECOND WEEK.

CRANBROOK.

They dropped it down on a little plain between the Selkirks and Rockies. A busy little Western town with a full equipment of churches and stores and halls and saloons—and men and women, good and bad—Canucks and English, Scotch and Irish, Chinese and Indian, Hindoos and Italian, and Government officials. There are schools, as up-to-date as L.C.C.; and children, and wild ducks, and bears, deer and goats, and game laws. And a great panorama of mountains, castles of snow that blush in the sunset—most wonderful castles that always change and always abide. And there are forests, endless, impenetrable forests of pine and larch and tamarac. They clothe all the foothills and run high up into the mountains. And in the very silent places, where very lonely people come there are hoards of gold and silver, copper and lead. So altogether Cranbrook has a place in the Sun (and plenty of sun there is—for the climate is the finest in the world), and its folks are happy as any, and as optimistic as mosquitoes.

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